

The Escape of Madam Kossuth.

WE now proceed to fulfill the promise we made to present our little readers with the escape of Madam Kossuth, together with likenesses of herself and children. The likenesses you see at the top of this page, and now for the escape.

Those of you who read the last number of the Casket will remember—that is if you read with proper attention, as we trust the readers of the Casket always

do—you will remember I say, that notwithstanding the noble Hungarians fought bravely and successfully for a while yet they were at last overcome, not because they were too weak to defend themselves against the power of Austria, but because the Russians also came against them, and because, too, one of their own generals turned traitor. Only think of it! that *any* one should be so wicked as to be a *traitor!* the most despicable of all human

beings; now, that poor man—for indeed we can and ought to pity him, traitor though he is—who by his wickedness did such mischief for Hungary, is a despised and miserable wanderer, with scarcely a single friend to love and care for him. I hope no reader of the Casket will ever be a traitor.

Well, the Hungarians being overcome, Kossuth was forced to fly for his life, and after taking a sorrowful leave of his wife and children, scarcely expecting ever to see them again, he fled to Turkey. The children were placed in the care of his private secretary who gave them up to a wicked and cruel Austrian called Haynau, and he carried them to the city of Pesth.—And how do you suppose those poor children felt, forced away thus from their parents, and not knowing what was to be their fate? How would you have felt? Sad enough, I warrant.

Madam Kossuth kept as near to her children as she could, but as soon as she learned that they were given to Haynau she turned her whole attention to the securing of her own safety; and she went wandering all about Hungary, seeking shelter and protection among the lowest and poorest of the inhabitants. Once she was sick of a typhus fever and had nearly died, but after a while she recovered sufficiently to commence her travels again, though almost too feeble to go about. In order to conceal who she was, she sought employment as a servant among the poor peasants, and was thus employed in the family of an humble carpenter in a village called Orash Haga. Indeed, she was driven to a great many shifts, as you may well suppose, that she might not fall into the hands of the Austrians. All along the

streets she saw notices posted up offering forty thousand florins,—which is more than four hundred dollars,—to any one who would arrest her and put her in prison.

Among the persons who fled with Kossuth was an elderly lady, who, being unable to endure the fatigues of the flight, was left behind, and so she determined to go in search of Madam Kossuth, and if possible restore her to her husband. For this purpose she disguised herself as a beggar and began a long journey, mostly on foot, across the broad sandy plains which lie in the southern part of Hungary, but she could find nothing of Madam Kossuth. She then commenced another journey, still in the character of a beggar, and went to Turkey, where she found Kossuth, and taking a letter from him, together with his signet ring, she for a third time started forth on her mission of love, and for many a long and weary day she wandered and wandered, inquiring here and inquiring there, until at last, in a hospital, in a distant and miserable part of Hungary, she found the object of her search, to whom she handed the letter and the ring of Kossuth as an assurance that she was a friend—for they were unacquainted with each other. They very soon determined to leave there, and so, after suitable preparation, they started in company on still another tedious and toilsome journey and meeting with many dangers and narrow escapes, they reached Turkey, where Madam Kossuth once more joined her husband, and a most affecting meeting it was too, after so painful a separation.

Madam Kossuth is now with her husband in our country; her children are all safe in England.

Three Months Under the Snow.

FROM THE GERMAN, FOR THE CASKET.

WE now resume our account of the burial of poor Louis and his grandfather under the snows of the Jura mountains, which is concluded in this number.

"I was occupied in milking the goat," writes Louis, "while my grandfather was making a fire of the pine cones. I saw the goat pricking her ears; 'What is the matter with thee, Blanchette?' said I. Immediately we heard over head a terrible howling. 'Wolves!' I cried. 'Be silent, my child, and compose Blanchette.' My grandfather stepped up to her and gave her some salt; she still trembled, and the howling continued.

"What would have become of us if the path through the window had been still open. 'Are we now safe?' said I.

"I hope so, but talk low, and pat Blanchette, that she may not expose us by her bleating.' As though the goat understood those words, she became silent as a mouse. I embraced her in my arms, and my grandfather placed his hand on my shoulder. In such dreamy silence we remained almost the whole day. We heard the howling of the wolves often repeated, sometimes near and sometimes distant, and thought that our time had come. 'Our situation is now very dangerous,' said my grandfather, 'the snow has become hard, and the wolves are able to climb up the mountain, it is to be hoped that they won't remain long on the mountain; for at this time they usually go down close to the village. Perhaps they have tracked some animal hither and are devouring it. Providence has meant it

well for us; the snow-storm, which has destroyed all your labors has saved us. But our imprisonment has now become still more close, perhaps we shall never be rescued.'"

Finally Blanchette became more composed, ate as gayly as before, and contentedly chewed her cud. The howling of the wolves ceased, and the danger for this time, had happily passed.

Slowly the days lingered along, to those who were buried alive, and only the charge of their domestic affairs seemed to shorten the dreary hours. They were obliged to put a piece of stove-pipe which fortunately they had discovered, through an opening in the trap-door, and after they had done this, they were able to kindle the fire again. They then barred the door with boards and beams, so as to protect them from the wolves.

On the twenty-first of December, they made a happy discovery. Louis was about digging a hole in the floor, with a hoe, in the corner of the kitchen, to make a safe place for the water-pitcher, when his grandfather told him to stop. He remembered that several years before, he had buried several bottles of wine in that place. And sure enough, much to their joy, the wine was found. There was but a small supply, yet by using it sparingly it was a great help to them.

Time went on slowly, and with labor and conversation they contended with the tedious hours. Even in the dark they were occupied in some handicraft, such as braiding straw, and whittling wood. In this manner they passed their time until

the new year arrived, which was observed as a holyday. They set for themselves the best table they could afford, and gave Blanchette an extra supply of good hay and a nice clean bed of straw. This day the grandfather himself wrote as follows:

"In the name of God, it may be a possibility, that I may be taken away from my relatives, before I shall be able to make my last will and testament. I will not here dispose of my small property, but I should like to show my gratitude to my grandson Louis, who is now near me. I therefore pray my heirs, if it should become necessary to do so, that they should give to him my watch, my Bible which was left to me by my father, my drinking bottle, and my steel knife on which the initials of my name are engraved. These articles will certainly be valuable memorials to him, on account of the friendship we have formed here, which can not be separated even by death. Such is my last will."

Ah! this made poor Louis sad enough, especially as his grandfather was so very feeble. Only to think of being left alone and being obliged himself to bury his dead grandfather. He did not however think he should be so soon left alone, but his grandfather became more and more feeble and at last died, leaving the poor boy with no companion except Blanchette with whom he could while away the dreary time

Now he was lonely enough, and he sank still more into sadness and apathy. At length he discovered that mild weather had come on; upon kindling a fire he found that the smoke ascended more freely. Toward the close of January, he suddenly heard a dull sound; it approached, and

became more terrible; the whole hut shook as though struck violently; furniture fell from beside the wall; at length however, everything became silent again. Louis examined the interior of his hut. The stable was damaged and the roof partly torn away; an avalanche had rushed down into the valley. New danger arose from another side; the goat began to give less milk, and his supplies were nearly consumed. On the eighth of February he wrote:

"I have shed many tears. I tried for the last time, to milk Blanchette, but the source of food within her has stopped; she bleats sadly. How thou wilt groan, poor Blanchette, if I, to save my life, will have to thrust a knife into thy dear breast? How she will suffer and linger away under my cruel stabs."

The poor boy had only sufficient food to last five or six days, he concluded to divide it into as small daily portions as possible. He searched the whole hut, in the hope of finding something more, but he found nothing. The cold had increased, and his hope of rescue vanished in proportion, but he was obliged to do something; what could he do? To save his own life, there seemed no other way than to slay Blanchette; the poor Blanchette, who, with her milk, had nourished him so long. He prepared his knife with which to take her life, but it seemed so cruel he could not. At last, on the 20th, of February, he resolved to leave his prison-house, and if possible get into the valley, and he immediately set about preparing for the hazardous journey. He thought it would be too bad to leave Blanchette behind to starve, or become food for wolves, and so he made a sled on which

to draw her after him. But it was to be otherwise, for as he was making ready to start, he heard sounds above him which, at first, he feared was the sound of wolves, but he soon found, to his great joy, that it was only the voice of his father, and some friends, who had arrived in search of him. O! what a glad meeting this was, after such a dreadful imprisonment.

Well, they got down to the valley as fast as they could, much to the gratification of the whole village, but far more to the relief of Louis. In the spring they went up again, and brought down the remains of the grandfather, which Louis had buried in the closet, and thus ended the three months burial under the snow.



The Child and the Bird.

LITTLE bird, little bird, come to me,
I have a green cage all ready for thee;
"Beauty," bright flowers I'll bring to you,
And fresh ripe cherries, all wet with dew.

Thanks, little maiden, for all your care,
But I dearly love the clear cool air;
My snug little nest in the old oak tree,
Is better far than a cage for me.

Little bird, little bird, where will you go?
When the green fields are covered with snow?
The ice will cover the old oak tree:—
Little bird, little bird, stay with me.

Nay, little damsel, away I'll fly
To greener fields, and a summer sky;
When spring returns with pattering rain,
You'll hear my merry song again.

Little bird, little bird, who'll guide thee o'er
The hills, and the sea, again to our shore?
Foolish one, come in the house and stay,
For I'm very sure you will lose your way.

Ah little maiden, God will guide me
Over the hills, and over the sea,
And I would be free as the rushing air,
Chasing the sun-light everywhere.



George Washington.

BORN FEBRUARY 22, 1732.—DIED DECEMBER 14, 1799.

WHAT child born in this country, who has learned to run alone and talk, has not also learned to pronounce the name of WASHINGTON? I dare say scarcely one. Go where you may, my young readers, and you will hear all classes, and almost all characters, even to the most depraved, speak that name with reverence and affection. Why is it? Ah yes, why! Turn your thoughts to every part of this prosperous and happy land, and let that answer why. Not a people on the face of the earth is as happy as the people of America. Indeed, until you shall have traveled, yourselves, through other lands, you never can realize how true it is that we are thus blest. This, under God, is because those great men who founded our government founded it so well; and among all its founders none were greater than Washington, nor was there one whose image is so indelibly stamped on the great heart of America, as his. Look on him. There he stands, calm, dignified, and noble! the very impersonation of patriotism, worthy in deed and worthy enough to be called "FATHER OF HIS COUNTRY." "O Washington! Washington! how much we owe to thee," is the spontaneous exclamation of all who reflect upon our country as it was and as it is; as it is and as, but for him, it might have been.

Dear young friends, it is well that we should remember those great men whose lives were risked so freely and whose blood flowed in such willing streams, that we might be secure in the enjoyment of the unspeakable privileges and blessings which

we possess. Keep them in mind. And now comes the lesson.

My young friends: those noble men who labored so faithfully to secure our country's independence, were once young as you are now, but instead of wasting their time in idleness and mischief, as many do, they sought to improve their minds, and fit themselves for usefulness. They could not foresee what great services they would be called to perform, any better than you can look ahead and see what services you may yet be called to perform; nevertheless, there was an hour of need a-coming, and when it came, as it did in that great war of the revolution, they were prepared for it. Now though you may never have the same kind of services to perform, yet, you will surely have work enough to tax the utmost powers of your minds. O! my young friends, there is always an hour of need, always enough for us to do; there is no time for idling. To-day we are in the midst of peril, and to-morrow our hands will be full. Indeed, there will never come a time for waste. Thousands will live after us for whose good we must labor, as those who lived before us labored for our good. So get up there, you indolent boy, and take up your neglected book; the future will need intellectual light which your mind must help to throw into it, as the mind of Franklin shed its light for us. And you, boy, who are uttering those angry and profane oaths, stop your profaneness at once, there is work for you; a tongue is needed, to help by its eloquence in shaping the

destinies of the future, as the eloquence of Otis, and Ames, and Henry, helped to shape the age in which we live. Up, all of you, and let us have no more mischief, and no more idling, for the happiness of

a world is resting upon your actions. Thus, and thus only can we show our gratitude for the self-denying faithfulness of such men as Franklin, and Adams, and last yet greatest of all, WASHINGTON.

"Ezzelino The Cruel."

I AM going to tell you a story of a very wicked man. About six hundred years ago there lived, in Italy, a chieftain named EZZELINO. Now you would suppose that the balmy air of that charming country would have made him a very gentle and peaceable man—but it was far otherwise.



I dare say you have read of Nero, who murdered his own mother, and burned Rome; and of Caligula, who used to put to death a great many old and feeble persons, to feed his wild beasts with their bodies; but neither of these tyrants was worse than "Ezzelino the cruel."

I shall not venture to draw a full length portrait of my hero, lest his bloody form should haunt your dreams for a week; but I will tell you a few of his horrible deeds, that you may be very thankful that the days of such monsters have passed away.

If you will take your maps, my little friends, and turn to Italy, you will find in the northern part, such hard names as these: Mantua, Verona, Brescia, Padua &c. Well, these were large cities at the time of which I write, and being such near neighbors we should expect them to be on very good terms; but, on the contrary,

they were like some young folks that I have seen under the same roof, always snarling and quarreling at each other. If they had a fire, or the plague, in one city, the others were delighted at their misfortune, and would

perhaps ridicule instead of help them.

Do you see Padua, a little way from the gulf of Venice? There Ezzelino the cruel lived for a long time, and ruled that rich and beautiful city so severely that his name was a terror to all the people.

Here he had a great many strong dungeons made, into whose gloomy and loathsome depths he threw every body who dared to oppose him. If he barely suspected a man of being an enemy—and who would not hate him?—he would perhaps put him to death at once, or cut off his limbs and throw him into a prison to die by degrees. Sometimes he would chop off limb after limb, and throw them into the fire, before the bleeding sufferer.

After taking a new city, Ezzelino would frequently order his soldiers to cut off all the ears, or hands, or noses of the inhabitants, and this monster would stand and enjoy the spectacle. On one occasion, having heard that some blind and lame people, who went about begging, declared

that he had made them beggars, he sent them word that if they would come to him he would feed and take care of them. So about three thousand poor beggars came, and what do you think he did with them? He crowded them into an immense building, and having shut the doors so that not one could escape, he set the house on fire and burned them all to death.

Would you expect such a tyrant to prosper? Well, Ezzelino did not. Once, when his bloody hands could not find enough mischief to do at home he set out to conquer new cities, leaving his nephew to guard Padua during his absence.

No sooner was he out of the way than the pope sent an army to help the poor Paduans recover their liberty, which they speedily did.

They then opened all the horrid dungeons of the tyrant and set at liberty an immense number of miserable captives, who looked more like ghosts than human beings. Next, they appointed a day of thanksgiving to God for their joyful deliverance, a festival which is said to be observed to this very day, although nearly six hundred years have passed.

When Ezzelino heard that his favorite city had rebelled he was filled with rage, and hastened back to retake it, if possible. But the brave Paduans had no idea of admitting the tyrant within their walls again, and he was forced to retreat, foaming with wrath and disappointment, and consoled himself by torturing to death his nephew who had governed Padua.

Ezzelino did not learn from his misfortunes to become a milder and better man, nor did God permit him long to be

the scourge of Italy; for being engaged in one of his cruel expeditions he was mortally wounded, taken prisoner, and soon died a miserable death.

Would you like to see such a man as Ezzelino? I am sure you would tremble from head to foot just to look at his portrait, for there is a picture of him still left in Italy. He was a very large, strong man, with great black eyebrows, and eyes as fierce and spiteful as a viper's.

Are there any Ezzelinos now? "Oh no," eagerly exclaims some bright eyed boy, "I *know* we hav'nt got any such horrid people now-a-days." Wait a moment, my little man. Have you never seen school boys sticking pins through flies, or throwing stones at some poor blind horse, *just for fun*, or beating a younger boy because he was not strong enough to defend himself? Now these boys are already Neros, Caligulas, and Ezzelinos on a small scale, and when they grow up, if they are not as cruel and brutal, it will be because they live in a christian age, and under laws that will not suffer them to act out their cruel natures. IDA.


Think of It.

BECAUSE you find any thing difficult to practice, do not presently conclude you cannot master it. Improbability and impossibility are two frightful words to weaker minds; but by diligent and wise men, they are generally found to be only the excuses of idleness and ignorance. Never say give up. A difficulty well met is more than half overcome. Providence helps him who helps himself.—*Selected.*



ATTACKED BY WOLVES.

Attacked by Wolves.

! now then we've got a wolf story," I think I hear half a dozen voices exclaim, "for only see, in this picture, how hard the wolves are trying to get into the sleigh where that poor woman and those children, are, and how fast the horse is running to get away from them. Now Willie, you read it, won't you, and we'll all keep just as still as mice. What! is there no story? Why Mr. Thorne! how could you cheat us so? it really is too bad!"

Ah, ha! my little friends, but did I promise you a story? Sometimes we give you stories without pictures, so what matter is it if we now and then give you pictures without stories, for they say it is a poor rule which won't work both ways. But see! doesn't the picture tell its own story, just as plain as day? There the horse is, running with all his might, the wolves are following, and the poor creatures in the sleigh are almost frightened to death. Is it not a story of itself?

"But, Mr. Thorne," I think I hear you ask, "did such a thing ever happen?"

Ah! now you are asking a close question, but I will answer it, as well as I can. I am not sure, that is absolutely sure, whether the event, intended to be represented by the picture, ever happened or not, though it is said to be true; but others very similar have taken place, so that I can see nothing improbable in this. It is said to have happened in Russia. Russia, as you know, is a very cold country, and many parts of it are wild and barren, and are dreadfully in-

festated by wolves, and in cold weather, as there is little food to be got, wolves are exceedingly ferocious.

Well, it is said that a woman, with three children, one an infant, started in a sledge—which is a kind of sleigh—to go some distance through one of those wild districts, and while passing near a dark forest of pines, they were beset by a pack of hungry wolves. The horse exerted all his strength, for the wolves made a dreadful howling, but he could not run quite fast enough, and so the poor mother, almost crazy with fright, threw one of the children out, which was immediately devoured by the greedy monsters. Soon the wolves were after them again, and then she threw out the second, and urging the horse on with all her power, she hoped at least to save herself and the infant; but they soon got that child also, and had almost seized the woman, when she reached a settlement to which the wolves dared not come; but on telling her fearful story, a peasant was so indignant, to think a mother should sacrifice her children in such a manner, to save her own life, that he immediately clove her asunder with an ax he held in his hand; so that, after all, her death was almost as frightful as the death of her children. Poor woman, she hardly knew what she was about. Indeed, we could not tell how we should ourselves act under such circumstances; but as there are few wolves in our country now, probably none of us will ever be placed in so frightful a situation.

TIME is gold; throw not one minute away, but place each one to account.

A Queer Correspondent.

WHEN first we put forth our invitation for correspondents, we had not the slightest idea of extending it to pots and kettles, or any other sorts of hardware, ancient or modern; however, our tea-kettle friend is welcome to a place in our pages for this time, and indeed, we should be glad to hear from it once more, if it pleases to write; but, lest permission in this instance should be construed into a general admission of communications from all the pots and kettles in creation, we wish those very useful articles to understand that the tea-kettle alone has the floor at present.—
EDITOR.

To the Editor of the Youth's Casket:

KIND SIR:—

Strange as you may think it, I, your present and most unworthy correspondent, am a tea-kettle! Not, to be sure, one of those bright and shining tea-kettles, such as tidy housewives and faithful kitchen-maids now-a-days so delight in scouring up, but an old and old-fashioned, iron tea-kettle, black, cracked; and worn out, and thrown aside among a heap of cast-off trumpery and rubbish. Do not, however, I beseech you, scorn me on account of the wretchedness of my condition; for though I am thus debased, and though I feel most deeply my utter good-for-nothingness, yet, you never had a correspondent, no, nor ever will have one, more willing than I to be of service to the forty thousand dear little masters and misses who, I am sure, must be looking anxiously ahead for the coming numbers of your pretty magazine.

You would scarcely have an idea, I presume, that a tea-kettle, and above all, the mere shattered ruin, almost, of a tea-kettle, could know a boy or a girl from a two-gallon jug, or even know that a tea-kettle is a tea-kettle; yet I do, Mr. Editor, though I say it myself, and know that there is all the difference in the world. What! not know the difference between a great, awkward-looking jug, and a sweet-faced and sweeter dispositioned little girl, or a bright-eyed, obedient little boy! Why, if I was n't more than the thousandth part of a tea-kettle, and lost at that, I should know there was a difference as wide as from the Mohawk to the moon. And yet, I have been from the first, almost discouraged from writing this to you, in consequence of the humbleness of my character and position. But, lowly as my condition is now, if a fair credit, once long sustained, and in respectable society too, can avail with you, I trust that my disappointment will be more agreeable than my fears would dare to promise me.

Ah! sir, you who live and breathe, and can walk about and enjoy one another's society, have a world of comfort which we pots and kettles know nothing about; and not the least part of your comfort, I imagine, is that of making each other happy. But—and you must excuse me, though I take the liberty, humble as I am, of speaking my mind plainly to you—I do think you human beings lose oceans of the purest sun-light of happiness, by neglecting, as you often do, the blessed opportunities you have of laboring for each other's good. Labor, did I say? no! that cannot be labor which returns to the heart that prompts it such heavenly satisfaction as is that of seeing a fellow being happy.

But pardon me, sir, I fear I am taking too much liberty in thus occupying your time. I only wished to encourage you, in my poor way, to go on in your labor of love, and do what you can to lead the little folks for whose amusement and instruction you are exerting yourself, to true sources of enjoyment.

During the course of my pilgrimage, and it has been a rough one sometimes, I have had frequent opportunities for observing the ups and downs of the family circle; and if I had room, I could tell you many things which I humbly deem might be of some profit to your readers.

If you choose to print this you can, though I fear you will not care about printing communications from so worthless a source; but if you should decide to print it, you needn't be at all particular as to where or how you place it; for I should feel so proud of seeing my name in your little magazine, that I shouldn't know, I am sure, whether you had printed it top-side up or bottom-side down. Do as you please, do as you please, Mr. Editor, and you will be certain to please your most obedient humble servant, the old

TEA-KETTLE.

Tubb's Hollow, Feb. 1852.

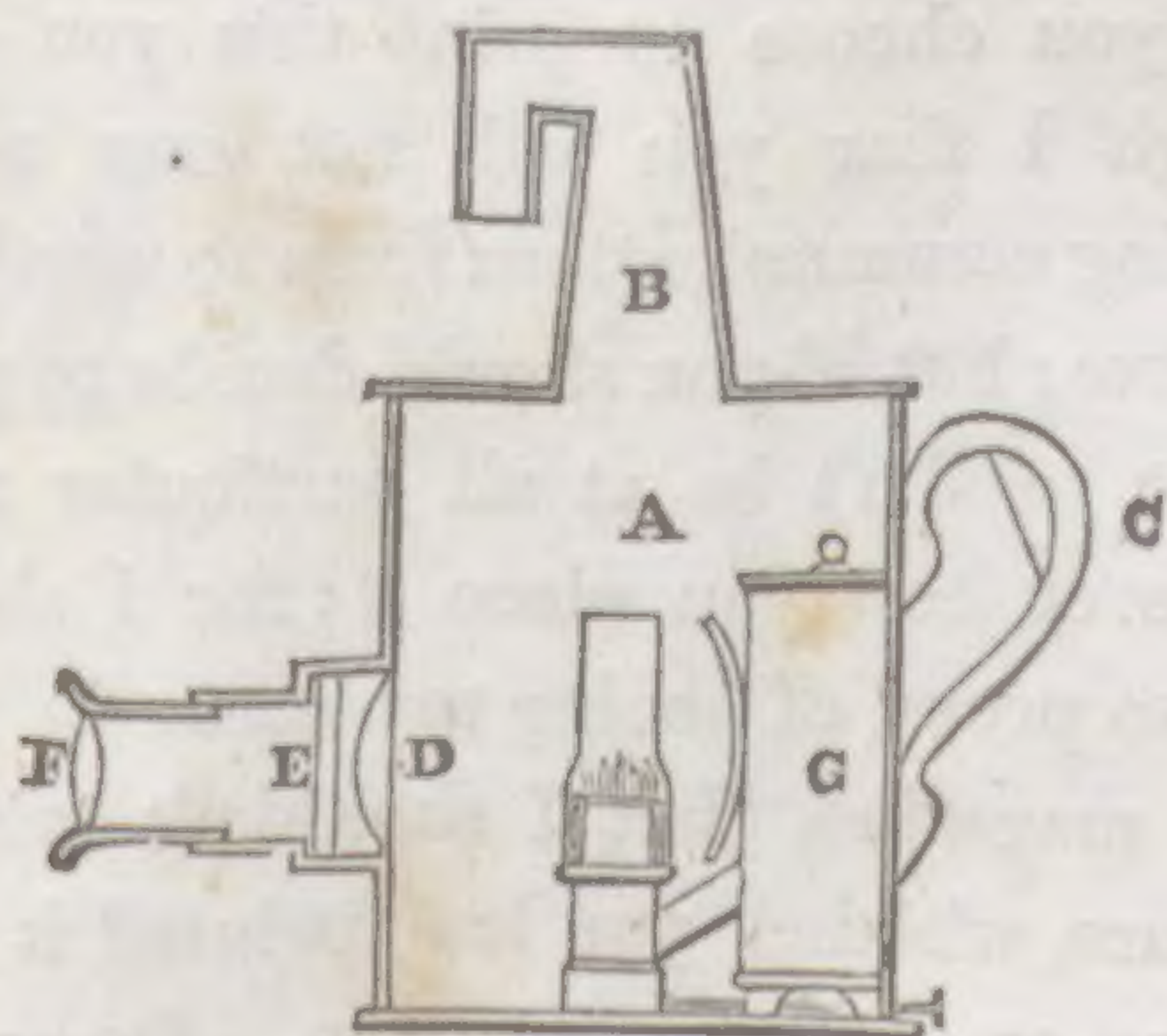


The Magic Lantern.

THE Magic Lantern, one of the most amusing of optical instruments, was invented by Kircher, about the middle of the seventeenth century, and was of the greatest service to the magicians of those times, enabling them to work upon the credulity of the ignorant and superstitious, with the utmost facility.

As a vehicle of amusement, it contributes, in no small degree, in the shape of a gallantee show, to the hilarity of a party of merry youngers in a long winter's night; and as a means by which lectures on astronomy can be elucidated, it arrests the attention of the wise and old.

The instrument, the construction of



which demands our attention first, is represented above. A. is a box made of wood or tin, about eight inches square, having a bent funnel or chimney, B, at the top; a handle C, renders it a portable instrument; in the front of the box there is a tin tube furnished at the end near the light, with a plano-convex lens D,—which indeed is affixed to the lantern itself,—and at the other, a doubly convex lens F; this tin tube is fixed to the lantern by a square foot, the sides of which are open, as at E, to admit the sliders, and the end of the tube in which the doubly convex lens is fastened, is made to slide in and out for convenience, when adjusting the focus. The lamp G is a common argand burner, furnished with a concave tin reflector, to concentrate the intensity of the light.

The sliders are made of a piece of glass with a slight frame. Few hints can be given, beyond naming the colors, as taste is the best guide, and practice the most impressive instructor in all matters relating to painting. The colors proper are only such as are transparent, and they are the following:—gamboge, scarlet lake, prussian blue, a green made of distilled verdigris, and a quarter of its weight of gamboge, burnt sienna, burnt umber and lamp black. The subjects intended for the sliders must be carefully drawn upon a piece of paper, which should be placed

under the glass and then painted from; and too much attention cannot be paid to the drawing of them, for when they are thrown upon the wall, their defects, however minute, are enlarged to an astonishing extent.

Although any white surface will do very well to receive the objects from the magic lantern, yet a clean sheet stretched tightly upon a wall, is by far the best, as the chief point is to have a medium of perfect whiteness and quite flat.

The Boy and the Storm.

TRANSLATED, FOR THE READERS OF THE CASKET, FROM THE GERMAN ON KLOPSTOCK. BY ANSON G. CHESTER.

The placid May beheld a gentle boy
Strolling amid its beauties; in the brook—
The silver brook—his soft and waving locks
Were faithfully reflected, as he took
Sweet blossoms from its margin, green and bright
And wove a chaplet fair as morning light.

But lo! adown the high and dizzy hill,
A wild tornado rushed, and madly broke
The emerald maple and the dainty ash,
And poured its fiery curses on the oak,—
Disturbed the calm repose of brook and fountain,
And hid in mist the meadow and the mountain.

The tired boy, beside the friendly brook,
Amid the wild confusion softly slept,
Watched and encircled by the rain-wet flowers
That o'er his dreams a loving vigil kept:
He heeded not the storm's great wrath, nor woke
'Till Hesperus on his drowsy eye-lids broke.

So, Boy! thou sleepest on a bed of blooms;
Peace, like the graces, smiles upon thy way;
Thou heedest not the storms that threaten thee,
Thy life is like a sweet perpetual May!
Yet up! and arm thyself with grace and truth,
Thy flowers will fade—*it is not always Youth!*

Buffalo, 1852.

Editor's Table.

WELL, here we are, in the blustering month of March, full of hope and encouragement; and not the least of our encouragements is, that of presenting, on our cover, commendatory notices from men of acknowledged ability and influence in our community; and most heartily do we thank them for their generous aid in this way. We have other commendations, from gentlemen connected with the educational interests of our vicinity, which we had not room for on the cover; they will be found in the circulars. We shall do our utmost, so to conduct our enterprise, as that those friends will never have reason to regret their generosity.

A SECOND EDITION.—In consequence of the increasing demand for the CASKET, we have been obliged to print a second edition of the January and February numbers, and also to print, this month, double the number of the last. And here we wish it to be understood—for we have often been asked—that as every number of the Casket is stereotyped, back numbers will be furnished whenever called for.

GET SUBSCRIBERS.—We hope our little friends will not be afraid of now and then—as opportunity offers—handing a number around to their companions, as some may, by such means, be induced to become subscribers. If any should have their numbers spoiled by doing us such a kindness, and will please to let us know of it, we will gladly send them new copies, post-paid. And please to notice, also, that any of you who will send us the names of six subscribers, together with the subscription money, will receive a seventh copy free. Come now, put on your caps and bonnets, and see what you can do.

The following letter is one of many communications such as we almost daily receive, and

is worth having, in more ways than one. It tells a good story in a clear and impressive manner, at the same time that it conveys to us “material aid,” of the most encouraging sort. We hope friend GOODELL will pardon us the liberty we take in making it public.

Darien Center, Feb. 17, 1852.

GENTLEMEN EDITORS:—I here enclose three dollars, and fifty cents' worth of postage stamps, to pay for the CASKET. I am a farmer, and have to work early and late for a livelihood; but all I have to do to get a subscriber for your paper is, when I meet one of my neighbors that has a child old enough to read, just to show him the little CASKET, and the work is done. I think a very little effort would ensure a large patronage for your paper.

According to your terms, I shall be entitled to two numbers gratis—for you will recollect I have paid you three dollars before—which send according to direction. In that way I shall make a fine treat to my little friends, and at the same time be benefitting you by spreading the CASKET. This is my creed:—If you would be happy and enjoy life, strive to enable others to do so.

Yours with respect,

ROSWELL GOODALL.

EZZELINOS IN BUFFALO.—We hope none of the readers of the CASKET will fail to peruse the little story called “Ezzelino the Cruel,” in the present number, for, aside from the moral it contains, it reminds us that there are Ezzelinos abroad in Buffalo. Thus:—while passing through the streets, a few days since, we saw a poor, destitute old woman, who, while tottering along the slippery walk, was met by some five or six mischievous boys, and they, instead of permitting her peaceably to pursue her way, turned and cast snow-balls at her, just as though there was something fine in making her condition more wretched than it was. We hope no readers of the CASKET were among those thoughtless boys, for it is a dreadful disposition that can delight in the miseries of any being, however low; yet, if those boys will become readers of the CASKET we will endeavor to get their hearts engaged in more rational and humane ways of gratifying their love for sport. Try and hunt them up, and we will send them the CASKET.

MERRY'S MUSEUM.—We have received the February number of this favorite periodical. We need not to speak of its excellence, for that is everywhere acknowledged. It is enough for us to name that time-honored father of juvenile literature, PETER PARLEY, as its editor, to settle the question of its merits at once. Years ago we learned to love and honor Peter Parley, and who has not. Merry's Museum is a magazine of thirty-two pages, and is one dollar a year.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—We received, too late for publication, a communication from our monthly correspondent "E. E. B.," for which, many thanks. It shall appear in our next, of course. We have also to thank Mr. Chester for his beautiful translation from Klopstock; we trust our readers will duly appreciate such favors.—May we expect to hear from "Ida" again? We hope.—Some of our young correspondents who have sent us enigmas will have to be patient until our next number, as we have not room in this for their favors. We thank them nevertheless.

THE following recommend, we are assured, was written for us by a little boy, not quite eight years of age, and was prompted solely by his own interest in the success of the CASKET:

THE YOUTH'S CASKET.—It is well got up, and has a great many pretty pictures and stories in it. It is very cheap, only fifty cents a year, in advance; single numbers five cents. We ought to be glad that there is such a magazine published for us in Buffalo. Ask your parents to subscribe for you. Good-Bye.

J. C. THOMPSON.

Now we like the above recommendation, whatever others may think of it. It comes from the very class whom we are particularly anxious to please, and we may therefore consider it as but an expression of the general opinion of that class. More than this the commendation, if the writer is careful to grow in knowledge and goodness as he grows in years, will become more and more precious to us, as time passes away.

A SOLUBLE ENIGMA, NO. I.

I am composed of five letters. My 5, 3 and 4 is a dark fluid; my 5, 2 and 3 is a fluid not so dark; my 5, 2, 3 and 4 is a clear fluid; my 2, 3 and 5 is what we cannot do with a fluid; my 1, 2, 3 and 5 is used to make changes in a fluid; my whole transposed is the opposite of a fluid; and my whole, in order, is a machine designed to give motion to a fluid.

FRANK.

ENIGMA NO. IV.

I am composed of 16 letters. My 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 5, is what we all need sometimes. My 10, 11, 12, 5, 6, is used about a door. My 13, 11, 12, is a kind of liquor. My 6, 8, 4, 7, 11, 13, is an insect. My 7, 11, 13, is what old men wear. My 16, 15, 14, 10, 11, 12, 13, is what a person would not like to say they had on Christmas. My whole was one of our best and greatest warriors.

JAMES W. LONG.

ENIGMA NO. V.

I am composed of fourteen letters. My 8, 14 and 6 is a nourishment; my 12, 9 and 10 is used by ladies; my 4, 6, 13 and 5 is put in bread; my 1, 9, 7 and 6 is used by physicians; my 6, 7 and 8 is an insect; my 4, 8, 11, 10 and 14 is a hard substance; my 5, 2 and 12 is a toy; my 3, 11, 4 and 14 is a part of a person; my 13, 6, 1 and 14 is used for trimming; my 1, 6, 7 and 14 is used by a gentleman; my 4, 13, 6, 8 and 14, is used at school. my whole is a city in Europe.

D. G. G.

PUZZLE NO. I.

I am a useful animal,
By some am much admired,
Domestic, when a friend I find,
Ferocious, when they prove unkind.

CALLIE.

ANSWER TO ENIGMAS IN LAST NUMBER.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—I send the answer of the enigma No. 1. Kossuth is the name of a distinguished patriot; you is a personal pronoun; cat is the name of an animal; Kate Hayes is the name of a celebrated singer; cake is used for food; the hat is an article of dress; cash is an indispensable convenience; casks are made by coopers; tea is a beverage; the skate is an article from which boys derive much pleasure; a cot is a bed; the whole is the YOUTH'S CASKET.

LELLA.

ENIGMA NO. II.—Napoleon Bonaparte.